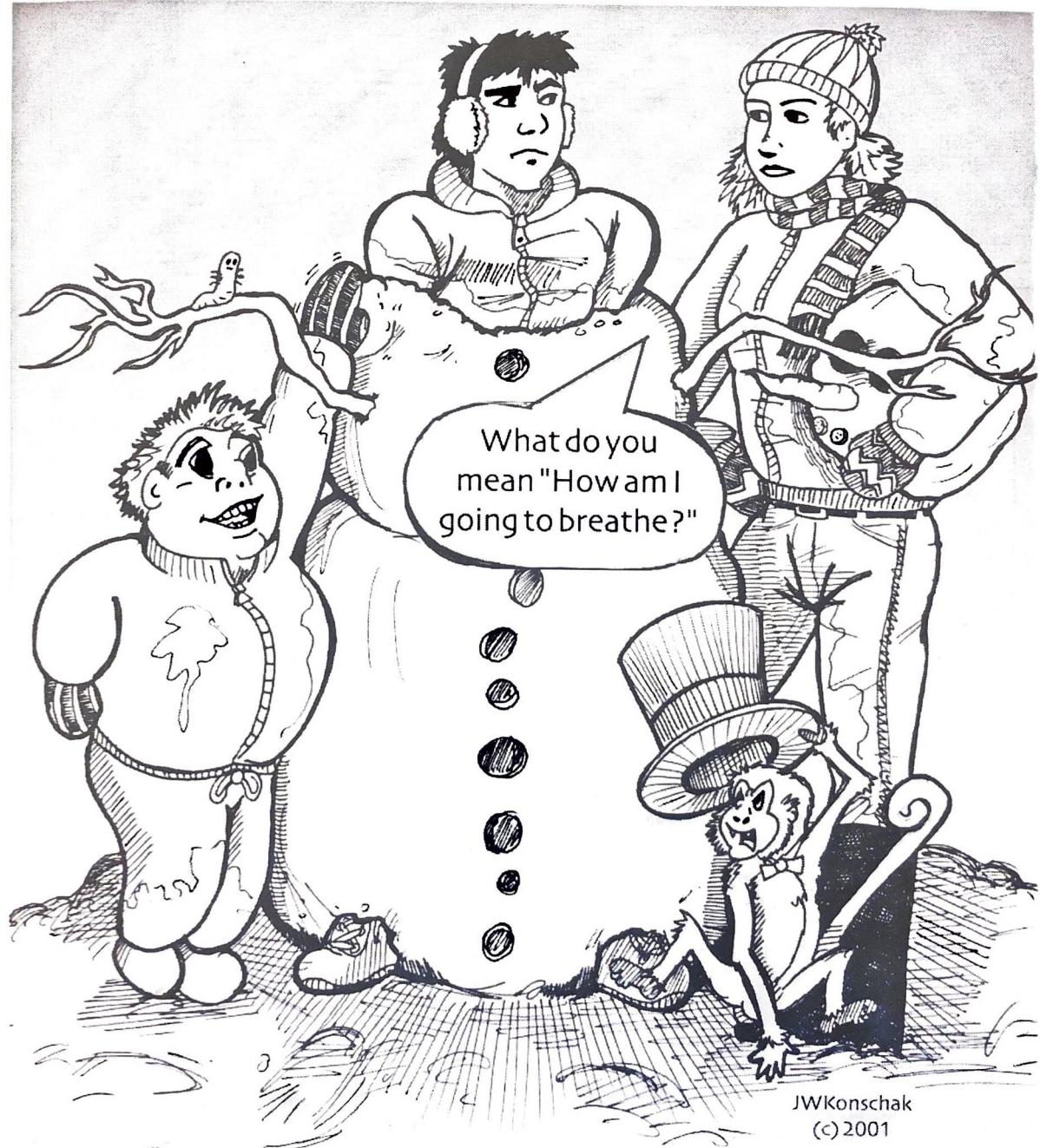


THE OMEN

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE FEBRUARY 2001

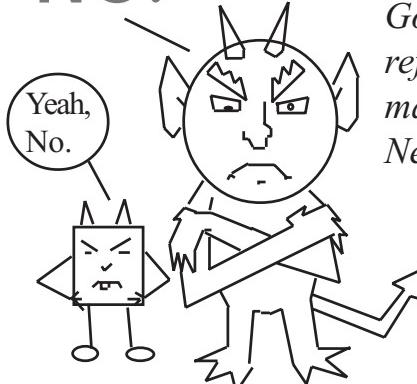




CONTENTS

From the Editor	3
We Accuse Council of Being ...	4
Shaun Talks about Movies	6
Because I'm Evil	7
A Brief History of Music, Pt. 1	8
Shame is the Family Name	10
The Worst of All Poseable Worlds	11
Short People Got No Reason To Live	12
Has Your Girlfriend Got The Butt?	14
Death To The Extremist Swag!	15
Surviving the Moment of Imzakt	16
The Movies Made Me Do It	17
Sex Machine	19

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VOLUME 16, NUMBER 1
FEBRUARY 9, 2001

editors & staff

Michael Pierce	Splitting a Bamboo
Gabriel McKee	Fluttering Butterfly
Gwynne Watkins	The Mare's Trick
J Wilder Konschak	Mimicking the Animals
Michael Zole	The Wheelbarrow
Christine Fernsebner Eslao	Yab-Yum
Karl Moore	Yawning Position
Shaun Boyle	The Space Monkey
Zak Kauffman	Dropping the Soap
Jeffrey Paternostro	Kneeling Pretzel
Laura Torres	Froggie Style
Dorian Gittleman	Just the Thumb
Aundria L. Theocles	The Rainbow Arch

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COVER BY J WILDER KONSCHAK

to submit

Submissions are due Thursdays before midnight. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box
at the bottom of the next page
before submitting.



QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO MICHAEL ZOLE

YOU'D HAVE
TO TAPE PORN
TO HER BACK
AND DO IT
DOGGIE STYLE.

FROM THE EDITOR



It's amazing how much we depend on computers. Five years ago, I, for example, didn't even have a computer. Sure, my family had a Tandy 1000 while I was growing up, but that didn't really count since I had no idea what it was or how it worked. My first official computer was a 75 MHz machine with 8 megabytes of RAM and a hard drive the size of a Writable CD. With a monitor and a printer, it cost me \$900.

Of course, that was back in my sophomore year of High School. Over time, I've upgraded, and still continue to upgrade. My major here at Hampshire kind of demands that I upgrade my computer relentlessly so that I may be able to stay on top of the proverbial technological revolution. I make Video Art.

However, when do computers begin to rule our lives? When do we depend on computers so much that without them, we feel helpless, as if we have been stripped of our will to live. I mean, I use my computer constantly - to stay in touch with friends via e-mail, to check out the internet and look at free porn, to make beautiful videos filled with deep meaning and self-loathing, and to play video games. Without a computer, where would I be?

Well, I confronted that question this past weekend. In one moment, my life's work of the past two years was erased, re-formatted because I had no choice. I had stored all of my old info on this hard drive, thinking that I would be able to access it after reinstalling Windows 98. I was wrong. There was no possible way for me to reaccess this hard drive after reinstalling new system software. I knew my life was inside the hard drive, but like a person in a coma, you just don't know how to reach them. You want to hold on as long as possible, thinking that if you wait long enough everything will be fine. There are times where that is not the case, and this was

one of them.

I lost every document I had written, all of my Div I's, e-mails from friends I am no longer friends with, saved games of Starcraft that I will now have to redo in order to prove myself worthy of playing others over the luxuriously slow LAN connection of Hampshire College.

With this in mind, a thought came to me. After my parents divorced, I left most of my possessions behind in the house I had grown up in for 15 years of my life just so I could move in with my father. As in most cases of divorce, the mother (in this case, my mother) got away with murder, including my old house for free, the family car for free, \$10,000 for free, and a monthly alimony check. My father ended up with the kids.

Never did I ever think that my mother would ever change the house we had grown up in. I thought, "She will always hold onto the treasures that us kids grew up with so that we may be able to look back on our childhood and smile momentarily because we still have the original version of *Pac-Man* for the Atari 2600." However, in the course of 3 months, my mother had sold every single possession that I owned, except for those I brought with me. I had lost my childhood, and begun a new life in the remainder of my High School years.

I never ever thought it would happen again, but here I am staring into the eyes of the same viper. At the age of 20, I am forced to begin again a new life. And in the Becoming of this new life, I wonder: Where do we go from here? I can only hope that the treasures I hold most dear are not those that can be erased or sold, although everything in this world is temporary except for love, respect, and rock and roll.



The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus and beyond.



SECTION SPEAK



**News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.**

WE ACCUSE COUNCIL OF BEING A BUNCH OF LILY-WHITE MAMA'S- BOYS, AND DEMAND THAT THEY KISS OUR ASSES AND GIVE US THEIR LUNCH MONEY

Something is rotten in FPH, and I'm not talking about those carrots that have been in the faculty refrigerator since March 1989. Some of you may know that, at Community Council's final meeting of last semester, some members (and non-members) rushed a vote through that changed the basic composition of Council. Specifically, the attendees of the meeting voted to include a member from SOURCE (Students of Under-Represented Cultures and Ethnicities, a student group) as a full member with voting rights. *The authors of this article do not specifically object to the creation of a representative position for the underrepresented*, but we have a number of concerns regarding the methods used to create this particular position and the precedent that is at risk of being set.

The first and perhaps biggest problem is that Council continues to make decisions despite not having agreed on a decision-making process. [Read that sentence again and let it sink in.] How, you might ask, are they making decisions? Nobody seems to know, especially not Council. The meeting begins with facilitator Isaac Curtis saying, "This meeting is going to be

run for the most part on consensus" (emphasis added), and that votes might be taken from time to time. In practice, this doesn't even come close to working. Motions to vote are made and ignored by facilitators because Council is using consensus; then votes are taken without anyone making an explicit motion to take them. Because Council has not yet agreed upon a process by which to make decisions, we must question the validity of any decision Council makes.

Furthermore, the fact that Council has not decided how to decide has led to immense confusion. Because of the lack of clarity surrounding the consensus/voting issue, many things are happening on Council that probably should not be. Curtis at one point states that "whatever decision-making process we decide on, I think it's incredibly inappropriate to say 'We'll decide the decision-making process, and then we'll decide who gets to decide with us.'" [Author's note: we think he means that Council should allow itself to make decisions on important matters before deciding how it's going to be run, but we got lost between "decides" and are a little confused. If you can translate that sentence for us, we'd be much obliged.] Why does he feel that Council's structure is a low priority compared to issues such as, say, the campus' pet policy? Furthermore, why is

BY GABRIEL MCKEE, GWYNNE WATKINS, & CHRISTINE FERNSEBNER ESLAO



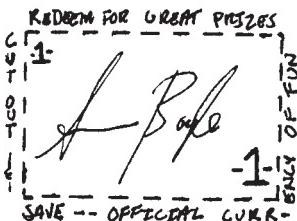
above left: Isaac Curtis and Kaitlin Sopoci-Bellknap; right: Beacon-of-hope Alex Kreit eats a donut

Isaac Curtis—defeated in last Spring's election for Council Chair and not reelected as a voting member in the Fall—facilitating the meeting? When Sarah Fингер resigned as Chair in September (a suspicious occurrence in its own right), Council decided to have the Chair position rotate between voting members—why is a non-member now being given the right to decide when votes occur, direct the course of the discussion, and decide who speaks, especially when the non-member right revoked not one year ago? Why are votes being rushed when the facilitators claim that they want to try to use consensus wherever possible? When motions are made and seconded, why are they ignored? Perhaps the most important specific question is: Why did the pro-consensus facilitators force a vote on a matter that a number of Council members stated they were not comfortable deciding on yet? The matter we are speaking of is, of course, the recent decision to add a voting representative from SOURCE to Council's roster. This issue was first raised at the penultimate meeting of last semester, but in question essentially had that cause many Council members did not feel comfortable with the manner in which the discussion was being handled. In the last meeting, the issue was briefly discussed, with several students voicing similar concerns and commenting that they did not feel well-enough informed regarding the issue. One member suggested holding a secret ballot, but did not make an explicit motion to vote; Kaitlin Sopoci-Bellknap, who may or may not have been a meeting facilitator (it's unclear from the tape) asked "is there anyone who doesn't want to do this by secret ballot?" despite the fact that several students had said they didn't feel comfortable voting at all without further discussion and clarification. Thanks to the speed and irregularity of the "decision" to vote, it seemed that many of the people in the room didn't even know a vote was be-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

DANIEL KANG CONTRIBUTES TO THE DISCOURSE BY CREATING AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE.





FILM CRITIC FOR HIRE

SHAUN TALKS ABOUT MOVIES

In the interest of your attention span, I've decided to narrow my list of favorite films to three. Also I've decided to write my list in the beginning of February because I've had the whole month of January to reflect on the year that was 2000.

Almost Famous: The best film of 2000 by a long shot. So good that you probably didn't see it. Instead you wasted your time watching *The Watcher* or *Bring it On*. Directed by Cameron Crowe (*Say Anything*, *Jerry McGuire*), *Almost Famous* is a fictionalized account of Crowe's stint with *Rolling Stone* when he was fifteen. In the film, William Miller (newcomer Patrick Fugit) follows the low rent band *Stillwater* as they begin their first large scale American tour. As coming of age movies go, William discovers himself and learns life's lessons.

To its fault, *Almost Famous* is very formulaic. Crowe, however, makes each element seem fresh and new. *Almost Famous* is the type of film that makes you feel five times cooler when you walk out of the theater. It is the first time I've ever felt cool in my whole pitiful existence.

O' Brother Where Art Thou?:

You may have seen it in 2001, but I saw it in 2000. Thus, I am better than you. Owen Gleiberman rated this film as the worst of 2000. He is a fuck. That doesn't make sense. Ha haha. He he he. I can't write an Omen article. What am I doing with my life? I

sit in my room, alone, no one to talk to, fake people surround me. My friends are fake! My family is fake! The air I breath is fake. What am I doing? Maybe I'll go to the tavern tonight, and talk to that girl I want to talk to. But we all know I won't, because I'm a jackass. LIFE IS WORTHLESS. This article is derivative of Wade's movie reviews.

Nurse Betty or Wonderboys (tie): There's a scene in *Nurse Betty* when Aaron Eckheart is fucking his secretary. The shot starts out on a wall, um, the shot starts out, um, right, it's on this wall, and there's this hand, and the nail, it's a female hand ... it and, like, she's, there's there's, all these sex sounds going on, and like the nails keep scratching on the wall, and then it reveals out, it it like pans out, to reveal the whole wall is scratched up with nail marks ... in the same place. This movie stars Chrispin Glover, and is great. Can we order something other than pizza? Like, can we get some ... sweet and sour chicken? Like, like, aw fuck, I've lost my train of thought.

Um, trying to think of what I saw ...

Oh yeah, Wonderboys: It starred Michael Douglas. And, he um, is a writer. And, he wrote one good book, right, and he can't seem to match it. So he keeps writing, when he's writing his second novel, he keeps writing and writing. It's directed by the guy

who did *LA Confidential*, Curtis Hanson. It's actually written by him. It's directed by Brian Hegeland, *LA Confidential* that is. Anyway. *Wonderboys* has um that Toby McGuire kid in his least, in his least annoying role ever. It made me feel warm inside. I don't want to do this anymore Wilder. People are going to think I'm stupid. They probably already do. Oh well. Back to my room.

I don't think this is funny. I think it's too pomo. Is there are Korean restaurant around here? Like, if we just ordered fried rice. I'm going to vomit on the pizza (not understandable). "If I see it." I've just eaten so much damn pizza.

The Cinemark is really cool: When I went to see um *Shadow of the Vampire*, I bought a Cherry coke, but the cashier closed the drawer before she could give me my fifty cents in change, and it crashed like the whole, the whole cashier machine. Like, what is it? Like the cash register. There it is. So she had to call the manager. And, like, I was already late for the movie, and I was like, you can have the fifty cents, so she reached into her pocket and tried to give me a quarter, and I declined, I declined, but the guy I was with, Gabrielle McKee, took the quarter. He's such a fuck! She was like, 15. It's probably like her allowance. For the week. Not the month

I don't want to submit this.



BECAUSE I'M EVIL



Section ZOLE



BY MICHAEL ZOLE

I think I know what's wrong with this school. And it's not *The Forward*.

It's Division I's, or however the hell you're supposed to pluralize "Div I". Now, I don't have a problem with the requirements. Some people say Div I's are the same as core requirements at normal colleges, and you'd be forgiven for thinking so; but if you actually do some research, you'll find that most colleges have core requirements that cause you to take specific classes or declare a major or some shit like that.

Not only does Hampshire let you pick which classes you'll take to fulfill the requirements, you can even weasel out of some of them. Don't want to do CS? You don't have to, as long as you're willing to do NS. Don't want to do SS? Well, in that case you're fucked, but other than that there's some room for strategy. I like that.

So it's not the requirement itself that bugs me. The problem is that when it comes time to buckle down and do a Div I, *nobody will tell you what you need to do*. A two-course option is no big deal, but I had a great deal of trouble figuring out exactly what a project-based Div I is supposed to be, and I still don't really know. Ask any member of faculty, staff, or Physical Plant, and they'll all tell you the same thing: a Div I is fairly open-ended, and within reason, you can do whatever you want.

This is bullshit, and if you ask them again they'll tell you that you basically need to take your final paper from some

class and expand it. But to me that sounds an awful lot like what we in the business call "padding", and it still isn't very clear what you're supposed to put in your paper to make it longer. I surmised early on that five pages of quotes from jerkcity.com would not cut the mustard. And my paper-writing style is such that after finishing a paper I cannot make heads or tails of what I wrote, so adding relevant stuff is out of the question.

Then I decided to ask some people who had actually passed

Div I's how they did it. Apparently you just ask the professor to write suggestions on your paper, you make the suggested changes, and repeat the process if necessary. Find some schmuck (a "second reader") to read your paper and you're done. This dis-

appoints me, and I think we need some new ways to get those pesky Div I's out of the way without any unnecessary fretting or paper-writing.

My suggestions (which is what you want, right?) are:

CS: Finishing a CS Div I is simple: just write a crack, patch, or "keygen" for a computer game or expensive application. Sorry, Photoshop has already been done. If you don't want to do that,

that for your Div II.

NS: Using the miracle of genetic engineering, create a chicken that automatically cooks and breads itself when shot. Or, use cryogenics to freeze yourself, and get thawed out when Hampshire has some decent funding.

HACU: Write 2,500 poems and march around campus reciting every damn one of them in a voice that recalls either Morrissey or Glenn Danzig. If poetry isn't your thing, form a band that sounds kinda like Phish and jam, jam, jam!

IA: With the help of some of your kooky friends, put a Volkswagen Beetle (not one of the new ones) in the middle room of the Dining Commons. Make sure to do it on Sunday night, and Breakfast With The President will be funny as hell.

Bonus points if substance abuse is not involved.

WRITE 2,500 POEMS AND MARCH AROUND CAMPUS RE-CITING EVERY DAMN ONE OF THEM IN A VOICE THAT RE-CALLS EITHER MORRISSEY OR GLENN DANZIG.

at every opportunity. Basically, try to turn the discussion towards your zine (you have a zine, right?). When the professor calmly asks you to "table" or "shelve" your irrelevant banter to be brought up at another time – not bloody likely – you'll know you've won.

OPRA: You can't do a Div I in OPRA, sillyhead.





BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

A BRIEF HISTORY OF MUSIC, PT. 1: NIGHT HAWKS AT THE DINER

The rule was simple, as Jared had understood it. You were not allowed to step foot in an all night diner until after midnight. It was the way it had always been for him and his friends, but this was only one of the rules he had discovered to be easily malleable in his first month away from home. It was ten thirty, and he wanted some cherry pie a la mode. He pulled the beat up pickup truck he had stolen from his manager at work a scant forty-eight hours ago off the highway after spying a sign from the overpass.

Andy's Diner: Open 24 Hours

The car stalled again as he downshifted at the stop sign that came at the end of the twisting off ramp. He was still impressed that he had managed to avoid blowing the clutch on the truck. His sole previous experience with stick shift had come in a very brief lesson on his mother's 1989 Dodge Colt Vista, which had ended after he rolled into traffic while looking down at his feet, trying to find the clutch. Jared drove his father's car after getting his license.

He pulled into a parking spot a safe distance from the diner, making sure to park the vehicle perfectly straight within the white lines, leaving no margin of error. He circled the truck once on his way in, doing his best to be very cool about it. The parking job satisfied him, though he considered switching license plates with someone in

the parking lot. He had seen that once on *Law and Order*. It seemed like a good idea, even though the guy did get caught after Logan noticed paint chips on the car that matched the car he was accused of hitting. But then again, he seemed to recall that evidence getting suppressed during that episode. Besides, it could wait until after he had some pie.

He wasn't even sure what town he was in. They clicked by at a pretty good clip while he was on the interstate, and he hadn't bothered to keep track. Jared did recall crossing the Indiana border about a few hours beforehand, putting him a safe distance from the rural New Hampshire town where he had snatched the truck. Still, this was something he figured people would tend to be paranoid about, so he wasn't feeling too bad about having these concerns.

He got seated right away; there were maybe a half dozen people sitting in booths scattered about the diner. When he had gone with his friends, there had always been loads of high school students, trying to escape the boredom of a Thursday night in July. Nevertheless, the place had a serenity to it. He noticed an address for the diner on the generic placemat at his table. He was in Hobart, Indiana. The name had no particular resonance with him, but there was a distinct feeling associated with knowing where you were.

His waitress came over with a menu. She was a cute thing, who seemed to be on her last legs of the day. She had creamy skin and dark blond hair and wore the kind of glasses you only see in Lisa Loeb music videos. Jared thought she seemed like the type who had convinced themselves that they were only taking a year off before going to college, but would end up barefoot and pregnant. He didn't usually wax over the dreams of rural America, and was shocked a bit at the cynicism of his thoughts.

"Hi," she smiled weakly, "you ready to order, or do you need a minute?"

"Yeah, can I just have a Western omelet and a coffee ice cream soda?"

She nodded, jotting it down on her little waitress' pad while he considered why he had just ordered that. He didn't think the flavor combination would be particularly easy on his stomach, nor did he remember liking Western omelets. Come to think of it, he couldn't even recall the ingredients in a Western omelet.

He was a MacNally after all. While some families can boast having generations of Harvard graduates or dynasties of surgeons, the MacNally family was best known for creating rugged individualists, as his father had called it, iconoclasts, as his mother had called it, non-conformists, as his older brother Jericho had called it. Everyone else he knew simply would qualify

them as odd and leave it at that. Jericho had decided that meant that he should be as much an individual as possible. Jared had decided to be as much like his older brother as possible. His younger brother Nathaniel had decided to be as different from his older brothers as possible. And the youngest, Carter, had decided just to be. He was the only one that had figured it out.

The ice cream soda came promptly and Jared smiled at the waitress. The drink was surprisingly palatable. He glanced out the window for a third time to make sure the truck was still there. He was sure he would do it many more times before his meal was through. He half wished he could be more nonchalant about the whole grand theft auto, but this had been far from a calculated decision.

"Jared?" The voice was unfortunately familiar. He rotated around in his seat and spied Lexxie Gildebrant. She had dated his older brother for a while. "I thought it looked like you."

Of all the diners in Northwestern Indiana, she had to...

"Evening, Lexxie," he did his best to keep cool. She smacked him upside the head and sat down.

"Fine way to greet me. What the heck are you doing in this neck of the woods?" She had changed a bit since he last saw her. Cut her hair, for one, lost maybe ten pounds. "Stop staring at me, Jared." He mumbled an apology.

"This is where I ended up."

"You are just like your brother."

Lexxie had met his older brother a few years ago while she

was working as a telemarketer. They had met over a sales pitch. Lexxie said he was charming and very unique. Jared figured that his brother had been his usual obnoxious self on the phone. He thought they had dated for about a year, but his older brother was never particularly good at beginning or ending things.

"So how is your older brother anyway?"

"He's living on an Inuit reservation in Alaska." She stifled a laugh before doubling over on the floor. She knew Jericho too well to question the legitimacy of the statement, like everyone else he had told.

The waitress returned, ostensibly with Jared's Western omelet, but it was just to see what was going on. Lexxie quickly composed herself.

"Can I get you anything, ma'am?" Jared admired her steely dedication.

"Thanks, sweetie. I'll just have cherry pie a la mode." Lexxie didn't bother winking at him. The waitress returned to the kitchen.

"That was quite impressive, composing yourself that quickly."

"I've had lots of practice, Jared. Your brother got a kick out of public sex, so you had to be ready for such a situation."

Jared knew his older brother too well to question the legitimacy of that statement. He merely sighed.

"Sorry Jared, you can have some of my cherry pie."

They ate their respective meals in silence. Jared glanced out the window towards his car again when the waitress brought the check. She truly was an attractive little thing. She smiled a final time at Jared. He considered

whether she was just trying to get a bigger tip and left her a healthy twenty five percent anyway.

"I got the check, Lexxie, don't worry about it." She gave him a quizzical look.

"Where you off to, Jared?" That look was unmistakable.

"Whatever the next state over is." She frowned a bit. "I don't need another mother, Lexxie."

He stood up and grabbed his coat, which had been lying across the seat next to him and left. In the parking lot, he wondered if he had been a bit terse. He hopped into the driver's seat as a Ford Taurus pulled in a few spots from him and a group of teenagers climbed out and skipped their way towards the diner. He had discovered a toolbox under the passenger's seat sometime last night when he needed a wrench to unscrew a particularly well-sealed bottle of Sprite that he had got at a gas station just outside of Philadelphia. If he drove much longer he was pretty sure someone would notice the New Hampshire plate. Besides, the Taurus had two, and the kids were unlikely to notice that the front one was missing, at least not for a while.

He grabbed a screwdriver out of the toolbox and slipped over in front of the Ford and began to unscrew the plate. The screwdriver slipped on the first few attempts, so Jared reapplied himself with a puckish determination. He heard a weight plop onto the hood and tumbled backwards, dropping the screwdriver on the curb.

"You are a lousy car thief, Jared." He quickly composed himself under Lexxie's anxious glance. "Come on, ditch the truck. I'll give you a ride."





SHAME IS THE FAMILY NAME

BY J. WILDER KONSCAK

When I let myself think about it, I really feel sorry for Hampshire parents – that is, the parents of Hampshire kids, not Hampshire kids who're parents. It's not because of the huge price tag they have to pay, so we can be late for classes and drink until we've forgotten the free knowledge from high school. I'm talking about how difficult it must have been to watch one of us grow up.

I recently went home to New Jersey, just before Jan Term came to a close. While I was there, I was roped into going to the high school talent show. My mother needed me to hold the camcorder. I'm the only one capable of pointing things at a stage, it seems. The reason my college-level video-talents were needed was that my sister was going to perform in this talent show. Let me tell you a little about my sister.

First, she's a potential Hampshire student. I say this because she's voiced interest in coming here, but more because she's not going to come here. Instead, when she gets her diploma, she'll be moving my whole family to Orlando, Florida, so that she can pursue her career in pop music, as a singer. We have the money, she has the grades, but she's not going to any college at all. So, I conclude, she's a perfect example of a blooming Hampshire student.

My sister went on stage and performed "Stronger" by Britney Spears. She sang and danced. Part of the dance involved ignoring and push-

ing over a "guy" on a chair, the "guy" Brittany is apparently singing to. My sister's "guy" was, of course, a girl. A girl in a bandana, with a weight problem, whose "male" mannerisms were exaggerated to the point of absurd, had you not known they were her mannerisms to begin with. The audience of Millville, New Jersey did not appreciate this twist as much as the audience of *Omen*, Magazine might. My sister, Jennifer Nell Konschak (known as JeNell, also very Hampshire, beyond being a family trait of including your middle name in your name of choice) did a very fine performance. But it was, as you can imagine, exceedingly embarrassing for me.

And this is why I feel sorry for Hampshire parents. They had to sit in the audience of our school plays while we attempted to do things way beyond our ability or understanding. They had to watch as the family name was dragged through the dirt, as I chased a friend across a room with a circular saw, cutting down everything in the way, broadcast on local television. "Was that your son dressed up as a leper and spitting blood on Channel 2 last night?" Yes. Yes it was. Our parents read overly dramatic prose and poetry and literary magazines, school assignments, and newspapers. They had to hear as we created music far beyond our experience. At 12, singing about the depths of love and the horrors of life.

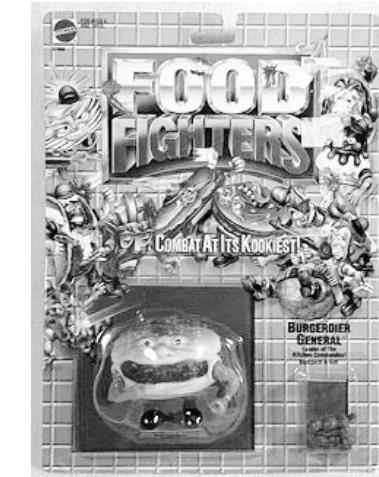
Of course, this is only taking the artistic-types into account. I don't want to imagine being the parent of an activist. My sister de-

cided to be a vegetarian a few years ago, and that was a big enough pain in the ass. I can't fathom putting up with a twelve-year old vegan, one who runs away throwing blood onto fur coats. "Mom! Everyone knows that the United States Military is the largest terrorist organization in the world! So why are you watching the news? It's all just lies used to control us ... whatever Dad, I'm gonna go chain myself to the tree in the front yard so the city pruners won't maim it! Dangerous for the powerlines my hiney!"

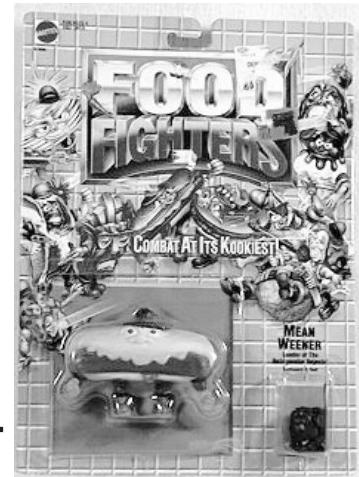
Math kids too. Except that seems more common, to me, somehow. Just basically a lot of black eyes and bloody noses, a lot of phone calls to the bully's mother. And, of course, discussions about matters that would interest no other human. At the dinner table, "Godel says that any set of rules is either incomplete or contradictory! It's funny, because the rule itself is contradictory, because it says that all rules are contradictory, but it's not – but it is. Which makes it incomplete. Wow!" "Eat your beets."

So, now that I'm an adult, my only mission is to make up for all the embarrassment I've put my parents through. I'm going to do my best to make sure that my work is something to be proud of, and not something to be freaked out about. For example, I'm really looking forward to this video piece I'm doing about masturbation and female body issues. It will be very deep. And what's embarrassing about that?



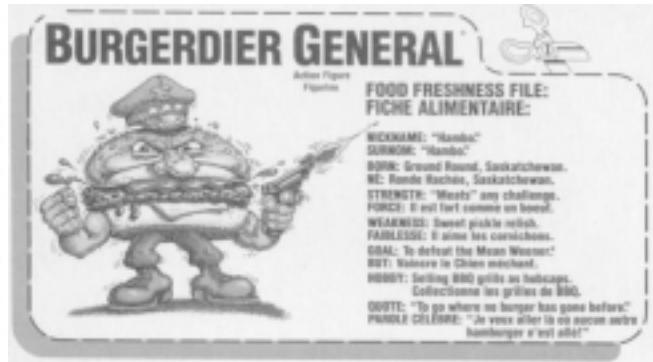


THE WORST OF ALL POSEABLE WORLDS



BY KARL MOORE

I'm 19 years old, and I still love toys. This hasn't had as horrible an effect on my chances of play as I'd thought, so I think I'll continue. This fascination with objects of no practical purpose has provided me with a rather extensive stock of absolutely useless knowledge- that occasionally wins me arguments. Case in point: Omen contributor and noted idiot Shaun Boyle insisted I completely made up a butt-retarded toy line produced in the 1980's called Food Fighters. They were anthropomorphic pieces of food that came with weapons and accessories that fought each other; one of the rare toy lines that formed the unholy trinity, they were stupid, shoddy, and weird.

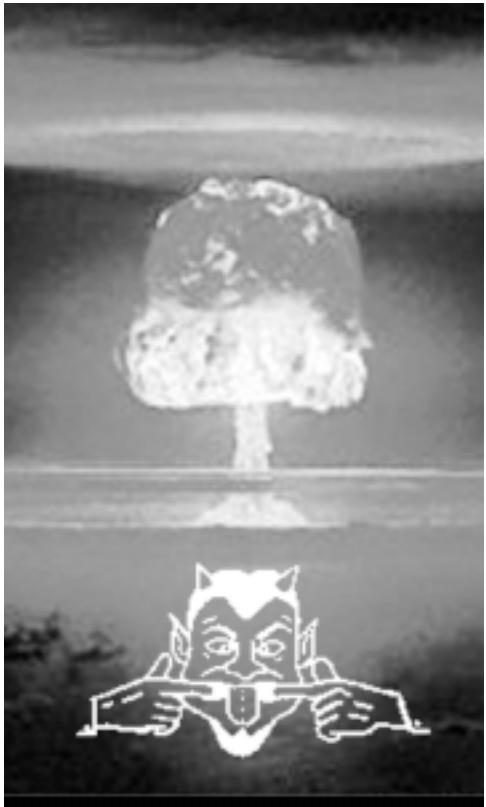


A run of ten figures, the Fighters were divided into two camps: the heroic Kitchen Commandos, led by the Burgerdier General, and the evil Refrigerator Rejects, led by Mean Weener [sic]. The commandos had an established military hierarchy: the General had under him Major Munch (a donut, the first run being chocolate-iced, the second strawberry), Lieutenant Legg (a roast chicken drumstick), Sergeant Scoop (and ice cream cone), and Private Pizza. The Rejects, as

their name implies, were a rag-tag bunch of miscreants: Weener, Chip the Ripper, Fat Frenchy (later Fat Fry, after complaints were received from various French advocacy groups), Short Stack (with blueberry or maple syrup), and Taco Terror. Nobody in their right mind would produce a toy line without a vehicle or two; Food Fighters had three. The Combat Carton and Fry Chopper were Commando hardware; the Rejects had to make do with the BBQ Bomber.

Here are photos, for proof. Suck it, Shaun. Suck it long, and suck it hard.





SECTION HATE

We hate so
you don't
have to.



SHORT PEOPLE GOT NO REASON TO LIVE

Here folks, is some good advice. Don't ever, ever, ever piss off an Omen writer the day before her deadline.

It's 7:35 AM, and I haven't been to sleep yet. In fact, I just got home from Smith, where the boy I slept with Monday was making puppy eyes at a cute Smith chick. No, it's not his shameless flirting which pissed me off. I could care less. No, I was pissed hours before we met the Smith chick, and actually ceased to be pissed somewhere around three or four, when we drove the Smithy home. Right now, I'm writing on principle. I have slept with a flake, and must bear the consequences of my actions. But the flake must bear the consequences of blowing me off. And that means finding himself in the *Omen*.

I should probably tell you his name. I won't, mainly because I don't want anyone getting the impression that he's an easy lay. He is, but if he built up too much of a reputation, he might get more. I have too much respect for his modmates to submit them to all that noise.

So what did he do, you might ask? Throw me out of bed, refuse to talk to me, or accuse me of being a tart? No, far worse. He slighted me in the worst way possible. (Well, the worst way you can slight an aspiring al-

coholic.) He refused to buy me liquor. Get this. I run into him on my way home. He's on his way to register, like the good boy he is, and I accompany him to Blair Hall. On the way, I mention the booze. I need to buy for a party, and can he help me out? He says yes, and we agree to go about five. Well. Five, then six, then seven roll around, and no boy. Finally, he is found at the Excalibur screening, the best place to locate geeks of all kinds. Will he buy me alcohol? No. Will he buy it later? No. Am I fucked? Yes. Here I am, with orders from like ten people, and no one to buy for me. For decency's sake, I'm not going into what I did for/to this boy, but I think buying a little booze is less than unreasonable in return. And it took me three more hours to find someone. Thankfully, I have friends in Prescott with a better understanding of my alcohol needs. You know who you are, and I salute you.

So eventually, after I've gone through my alcohol debacle and vented off a lot of steam, (*beep* you asshole, you motherfucking-sonofabitch pansy-ass flake andahalf. I'm going to castrate you with a filing cabinet and feed your balls to badgers. Or something like that.) I headed towards the clubhouse, just in time to catch the end of one of my favorite movies, Hackers. I don't know what it is about that movie. It could be the ridiculous technolingo. (BLT drive, anyone?) It could be the moving story (boy saves world to avoid wearing a

BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN

dress). Mostly, I think it's who's pretty fucking awsome. I gotta call her this week, some- most heterosexual females will agree that she is sexy off the charts. She and Kate Hudson need to form a club.

But yeah so I get there, carrying a bottle of blackberry brandy, (It's like cough syrup in all the right ways) and since I did get to buy booze, I'm almost alright with the world. So there's a couple CS guys, a couple theatre guys, a couple smithies and my boy Monday, whose concentration I'm still not quite sure of. And we're sitting around chilling out, rating people on the "AmIhotornot" web site, and generally trying to finish off my brandy. Or at least

myself and boy Monday are, which is ironic, since he didn't want to buy it for me. As he gets more affected by the brandy, he starts to flirt more with one of the Smithies, who I admit is very cute, but I wouldn't want to go to drive them back to Smith, it's myself, BlueMonday boy, and virtual guy accompanying them. We end up holed up in cute smithy's room for hours, talking about shit I can't remember at this point. I ended up talking with the other chica, they're being

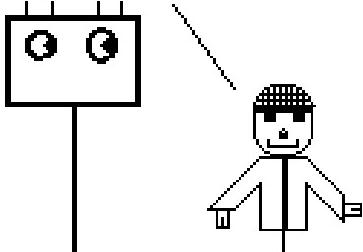
I but never do they talk about *personality.* It's all about how sexy she is, how nice her breasts are, how good her legs look in those pants. It's embarrassing. Girls do it too, I grant you, but we also talk about how sweet someone is, how they react emotionally, and whether or not they'd be good for a *relationship* which is what many girls are actually looking for.

No, don't ask me why. I'm just in the market for a fuckbuddy. Someone I can sleep with when I'm drunk or stoned or itchy, but who won't want my attention during the daylight hours. Good plan, no? You'd think it'd be so easy, considering the nature of boys. But let's think. How long have I been ranting about this problem? I don't even want to think about it. Thanks to boy Monday, I'm better, but boy Monday's not going to be around next time round, and where will I be? I don't want to think about it.

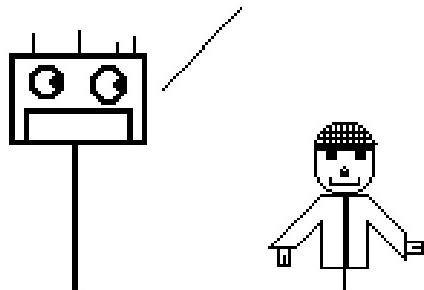
Anyways, yeah. This is the big fuck you to youknowwho. Wake up and smell the coffee, you shlemeel. And if you need me to translate the Yiddish, feel free to call. Catch everybody on the flipside.



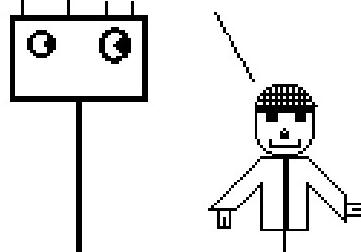
My wife's 'spectin' a child.



SCROOOOTAAAR!!!



I was thinkin' more like Burt. Or Lloyd.



SCREAMIN' STEVEN

BY KARL MOORE

We Hardly Knew Ye

HAS YOUR GIRLFRIEND GOT THE BUTT?

BY MICHAEL ZOLE

You've heard them on the radio, seen them on MTV, and forgotten about them within a week: one-hit wonders. We all remember their hit songs; hell, we've all got the MP3s. But here's a question for you: how are the albums? Can Dexy's Midnight Runners write a good tune, or were they just a fluke? What about the guys who did "Video Killed The Radio Star", or Right Said Fred? These people all put together between 10 and 15 songs per album, and we only heard one. What about the rest? In my new semi-regular column, I aim to find out. This week: Sir Mix-a-Lot's 1992 album *Mack Daddy*.

I should clarify what I mean by the term "one-hit wonder". The actual number of hits is irrelevant. I am talking about artists who enjoyed a brief period of intense popularity with a hit song or two (although few people bought the album and fewer still kept it), and then vanished without



even a cult following when their follow-up album came out. Men At Work is a good example. You might think The Breeders would count, but they don't, because a lot of people bought the album and actually listened to it all the way through.

Which brings us to Sir Mix-a-Lot (real name Anthony Ray).

Coming out of Seattle with a jaw", Mix asserts his ability to fully-registered gun and several very expensive European cars, lesser MCs that they cannot rhyme words, and assures Mix graced us with the album "Mack Daddy" and its hit single "Baby Got Back". If you cannot complete the sentence "I like big _____ and I cannot lie", you'd best cruise the campus network for the MP3 post haste. This tune is a classic, and I picked up *Mack Daddy* to see if the rest of the album holds up.

Okay, get ready for a surprise: Not all of Sir Mix-a-Lot's songs are about the butt. In fact, "Baby Got Back" is about it, as far as the butt is concerned. But frankly, you won't care: this album is awesome. I may not know much about hip-hop, but

when it comes to rhyming words and providing catchy rhythmic music against which to speak said rhymes, Mix-a-Lot is good at it. Without water-ing down the themes of his raps, like (for example) Will Smith, Mix manages to make them surprisingly acces-sible, even to suburban liberal-arts-college-attending white boys like myself.

Sir Mix-a-Lot has said that he has always aimed to be a great storyteller rather than a phenomenal rapper, and in this respect he definitely succeeds. He covers the usual bases – on "Lock-

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Mack Daddy may not be the deepest rap album ever made, but there is a nonchalance about the lyrics that makes it fun to listen to even if you can't decipher half the slang (what does it mean to "clock much D's"?). The spoken intros and skits at the beginning of each track make the album feel like some kind of bad-ass musical. One problem many of the tracks share is generally lackluster music. "One Time's Got No Case", definitely the album's catchiest track, features a Stevie Wonder sample; the rest of the album sounds like it was produced on a Casio keyboard. Nonetheless, *Mack Daddy* is a solid album and comes highly recommended.

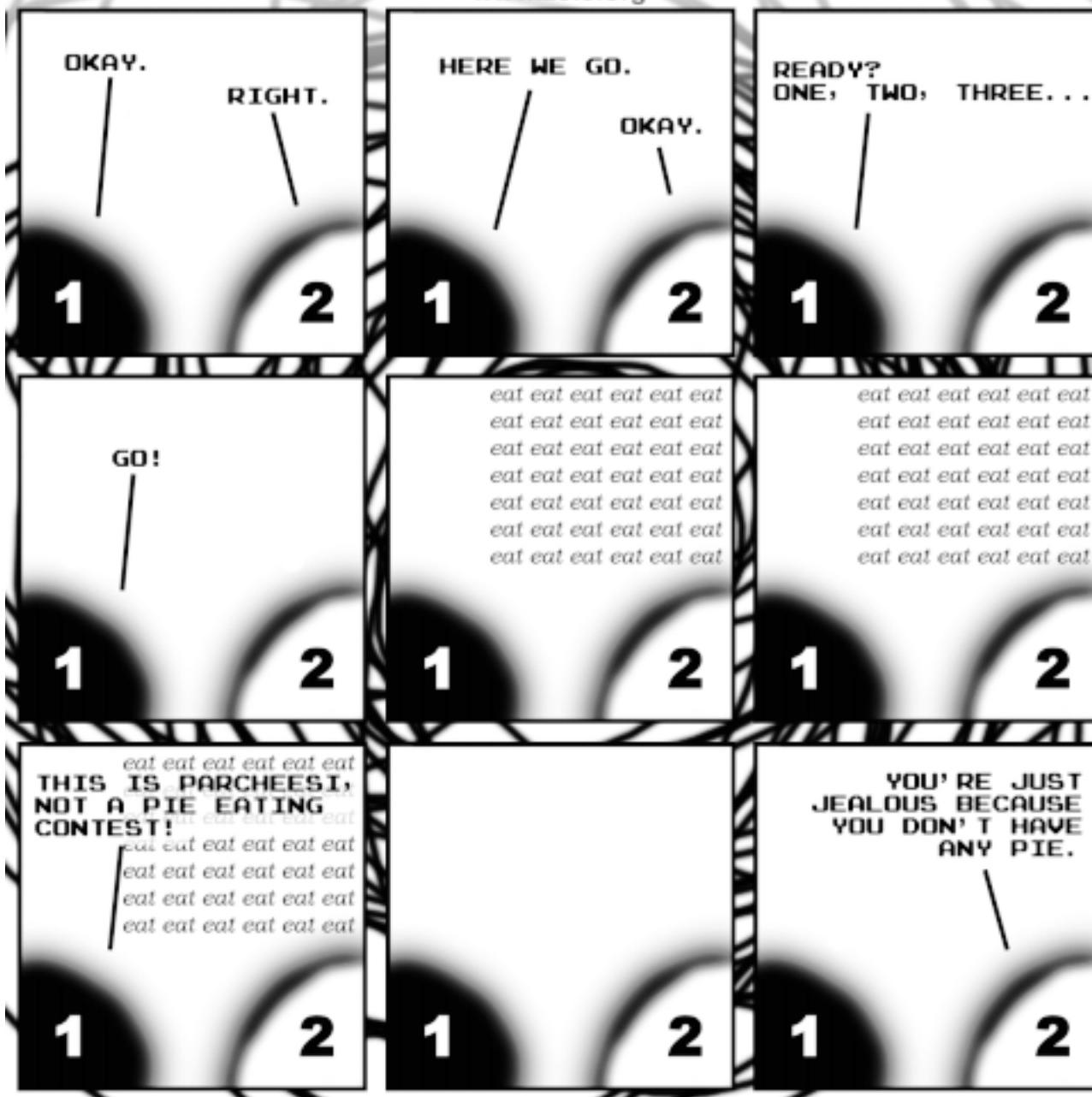
Just watch out for the anti-gun control song.



DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XI

* by M. Zole *

www.zole.org



DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST SWAG!

They said *Death To The Extremist* would never make it. I'm proud to say they were wrong. Thanks to the miracle of the Internet, **Death To The Extremist t-shirts are now available at www.cafepress.com/extremist** or through the Death To The Extremist homepage at zole.org. What better way to promote your inner nihilism and love for pie than a t-shirt, eh? Coffee mugs and mousepads are also available, but babydoll t-shirts are not. Check the Web site for prices and designs, and do have a nice day.



By ZAK KAUFFMAN

I deserve to be dead right now. Several times over in fact. My neck should be snapped, my head exploded like a ripe grapefruit, and my body reduced to ash. At the very least I should be crippled or imprisoned.

I'm talking about the fact that at this point in my life I can point to three automotive incidents when, as a direct result of my actions, I nearly died. In each situation I could very easily have been either killed or maimed with only minimal changes in luck. As it stands, I was not injured at all. My head didn't explode, my neck didn't break, I wasn't even set on fire. Hell, my hair didn't get messed up.

On top of that, no one else got hurt either. No bystanders were maimed, my passengers walked away in top condition, and the people in the other cars were fine. I was never prosecuted for the negligent murder of innocent bystanders because they were just as lucky as me.

I didn't even lose my driver's license. I'm still driving these streets, waiting for some cosmic car accident justice system to catch up with me and involve me in an eighteen car pileup that no man, woman, or child will walk away from.

Scene 1: I'm 16 years old and driving home from the mall with my friend Min Choi. We had just purchased a copy of *Tobal No. 1*, which included the playable demo for *Final Fantasy 7*, the game that we'd all been wetting our pants about for two years. I'm

on route 29 south in my 1989 tan Toyota Landcruiser, a thirteen miles-per-gallon behemoth of a car. It's time to make a left turn into the White Oak housing complex in Silver Spring, Maryland and I have a green light. BUT NO GREEN ARROW. I've never formed a satisfactory explanation for what happened next. All I can say is that something in my mutant 16 year old brain just didn't process all of the available data. So I make the left turn. Into oncoming traffic. Min Choi yells something. A plumbing van smashes into the front right of my Landcruiser (I recall because that's the part of the car that was twisted beyond recognition), sending us into a spin in the opposite direction. We spin a few more times before coming to a rest. Min Choi stops screaming, and to my relief no more cars hit us.

Min Choi and I should have died. Especially Min Choi. A van slammed into his side of the car at 50 miles an hour, twisting steel but not affecting him. No one was injured and the Toyota was repaired, but I'm told that the van never rode again.

Scene 2: I'm 17 years old. I'm driving Robert Mathias and another guy whose name I don't recall (we'll call him Johan) home from high school. We're in the same tan 1989 Toyota Landcruiser on New Hampshire Ave in front of the Colesville shopping center in the right lane. In front of us is a Lexus. Perhaps you have guessed where this is going. As

I absentmindedly check my left mirror in preparation to merge, the Lexus slows down to about 10 mph in preparation of making a right turn into the 7-11. I slam into that motherfucker at 40 mph, crumpling the back two feet in on itself and shattering the rear window. In the car are a Japanese man and his two daughters. Once again, no injuries. I didn't go flying through the front window, my head didn't splatter on the steering wheel, and not a single case of whiplash was reported. Once again, the Toyota was repaired.

Scene 3: I'm 19 years old, 2 weeks into my second semester at Hampshire College. I'm having a bad fucking day and am driving to Rhode Island to see my mommy. An hour before I leave it begins snowing and doesn't stop my entire ride. I'm on 146 south, where the trip leaves the well-maintained highways and takes on a more rural flavor. For the first time in an hour I have to deal with traffic lights and I don't react well. I hit the breaks about 15 feet from the red light, a distance that would be reasonable were it not for the 2 inches of snow on the ground. My tan 1989 Toyota Landcruiser barely slows down. I tap the brakes and it doesn't do shit. The absence of any cars in front of me at the light spares me from what would have been a certain rear collision, but unfortunately my car reaches the red light and just keeps going,

and now it's begun to spin. The well-trained drivers around me

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE MOVIES MADE ME DO IT

BY AUNDRIA L. THEOCLES

For those of you who were lucky enough to jaunt around the globe over January, well, good for you. I was here, in my empty, quiet, clean mod. And I liked it. Not that I have exceptional problems with my modmates, but wow...what a difference when everyone is gone.

The thing I had most of over Jan Term was time. I saw about 45 movies. This may seem like heaven to some, including an earlier version of myself, but I came to this realization: going to the movies every day takes away that special cozy feeling. Don't test the theory, just trust me. And for a while, it's sad. But then, after four or five or eight days of going to that damn Cinemark every day like clockwork...you start to take it for granted. It's just part of your day, like eating or drinking or sleeping. (As if.) Sleeping late and going to bed in the AM hours becomes common. You can make dinner at two in the morning and it seems logical. You can read and write things not assigned freely. Infamous graduates of Hampshire you've only heard about come

back to visit and you finally get to meet them. It's like...well, it's like what it is: a big ole vacation.

But suddenly the month long hedonist's dream known as "Jan Term" is over—you're getting fucking annoying slips of colored paper in your mailbox again, people start moving back in, financial aid is on your ass, and, god forbid, you have to sit down with the course guide again and try to figure out why the hell your advisor didn't tell you taking all IA and HACU courses your first year was a bad idea.

Class?! How can I think about class when I'm still in JT mode? I really, truly wish I could answer my own question, but I simply cannot. Is there a transition process I'm simply unaware of? Is there a Jan Term Release workshop being held somewhere on the 31st of January that I missed out on?

I'm in so much pain right now trying to adjust that my teeth hurt.

So I'll give you my quick movie run-down.

You must absolutely go see *All The Pretty Horses*, *Snatch*, *The Gift*, *O Brother Where Art Thou*, and *Crouching Tiger, Hidden*

Dragon. Now! If you've got the time and the interest, watch *Thirteen Days*, *Dracula 2000*, *Traffic*, and *Miss Congeniality*. Go a half hour late and see *Castaway*. Leave after he gets off the island and sneak into the last 20 minutes or so of *Shadow Of The Vampire*. If you combine the middle 40 minutes of *Castaway* and the last part of *Shadow of the Vampire*, you get a satisfying, although completely unrelated, film-going experience. See *Double Take* not for the laughs (cause there are only about five), but to see the best example of poor character development in the history of the moving picture. Marvel at how confused a comedy made you. Avoid *The Wedding Planner*, *What Women Want*, and *Dude Where's My Car?* like the fucking plague. And sweet, sweet, *Save The Last Dance*...teen cinema at its finest—attractive as hell leads, a slammin' hip hop soundtrack, and a moral. Perhaps the greatest film to add to the teenybopper category since *Whatever It Takes*. Damn, that movie is good.

Let me just say, happy February.



SURVIVING THE MOMENT...

continuations

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

decide not to advance on their green light, and instead watch me as I silently spin through the intersection on a snowy February night. It was probably all very pretty, what with the streetlight shining on me and picking up the snow flakes. After the intersection the road veers quickly to the left, meaning that I'm sliding off road, towards, I notice, a power generator. I don't know what happens when you slam two tons of steel into one of those, and fortunately I didn't have to find out, as my tan 1989 Toyota Landcruiser runs out of momentum about 3 feet in front of the generator. With the fool securely out of the way, traffic in the intersection resumes, and I rejoin the road and make it home safely.

In each of these incidents, I very nearly killed myself and others, yet escaped with no significant consequences. I wasn't injured, nor was I jailed for injuring others. Is there a reason for this? Karma, fate, guardian angels, or just luck? I don't know, but I recently sold my tan 1989 Toyota Landcruiser. I'm a more attentive driver than I used to be, but that guarantees nothing. See you on the road.



ing taken until the process had already begun. What happened to running the meeting “for the most part on consensus”? There was no attempt at getting consensus for the SOURCE representative decision, likely because the facilitators knew that the motion would not pass unless they used a yes/no voting procedure. Under consensus, those opposed to having a SOURCE representative—and even those not opposed to a representative *per se*, but taking issue with some other aspect of the proposal—would be able to keep the issue under discussion into the beginning of the Spring semester, and the facilitators would rather have it passed quickly, without much fuss.

Why might someone suggest that the vote be a secret ballot? The discussion was quite tense, in large part because the facilitator made and allowed comments that suggested that those who oppose the proposal are ignorant and/or racist. At one point, Curtis stated that those not in favor of passing the proposal “don’t feel they understand the need for the position [of SOURCE representative],” thus semantically eliminating the validity of *any* objection to the proposal. This practice—taking the validity out of opposing arguments by characterizing those who state them as ignorant or bigoted—is startlingly common on this campus, and in this discussion in particular. Daniel Kang, a student present at the meeting, contributed the most to the discussion’s tension by interrupting other students with statements such as this: “The people who could be running for this position are not on the same playing field as the entire community, I feel, because of white supremacy.” After one of Kang’s tirades, the room was silent for ten seconds, and the silence was broken by muttering—his accusations, subtle and not-so-subtle, of racism on the part of those who might even consider voting against a SOURCE representative, created a tense and emotionally charged atmosphere in which an open vote could not occur. The statements by Curtis and Kang amounted to little more than intimidation—anyone who voted against a SOURCE representative or sought to delay the vote in order to be better informed would be placed in the same class as the Ku Klux Klan.

We turn now to beacon-of-hope Alex Kreit, who stated in the meeting: “For people to say that the opposition doesn’t understand the need for a SOURCE representative—I think that’s false, and I think saying that doesn’t take into account where people come from.” The vote conducted at the end of last semester’s final Council meeting (11 in favor of a SOURCE representative, 3 opposed) may be invalid. A number of the individuals who had abstained earlier and had reiterated their desire to put off voting for further discussion changed their minds only after being indirectly declared “white suprema-



above: Kaitlin Sopoci-Bellknap beats the table into submission while Council looks on.

SEX MACHINE

Life, The Universe,
and Everything

BY JENNIFER GIFFORD

Hola all of you Omen fans. It's good to be back. I spent my semester selling apples in a foreign country called Pennsylvania, and then I spent all of Jan term immersed in a foreign language called espanol. I have seen the real world and I'll tell you-all of you should get down on your knees and pray to whatever god/goddess you believe in that you never have to leave this place. It's terrifying out there!!

But I am not here to talk about that. Instead, let's talk about sex. To the people at home or in a crowd...it keeps comin' up anyhow. But somehow, nobody seems to be gettin' any! When I came here to visit on Halloween, I noticed that most of the people I know are horny as all hell, with no end in sight. Why? It doesn't seem to make sense!!

Now, I must emphasize that this is purely a humanitarian cause. I am not advertising for my sex for myself. No, no. I am holding out at the mo-

ment, until a suitable person should happen to come my way. But others are not so selective...it is those people whom I wish to help. And I have a plan.

There should be a party. A nice big one, with some really rockin' music that is fun to dance to. Perhaps a mod could offer their living space as a place to have this party, or perhaps we would hold it out of doors. There should also be plenty of alcohol-vodka and gin, and fun things like Mike's Hard Lemonade. There would need to be a cover charge, but we could make it cheap, like one or two dollars. And all around the room we could strategically place bowls of condoms, which the partygoers could make use of. We'll call it The Sex Machine. You come alone, you leave with someone. Sex happens.

Now, I know it's not that simple. There are all sorts of emotional issues and such. But wouldn't it be fun to know there was someplace we

could go to and have the possibility of meeting someone we might be attracted to? I know that personally, running as I do in a predominately female crowd, I have very little chance of meeting anyone I might be remotely interested in having sex with, in the next year. Ugh.

As for the benefits of having a little monkey lovin' on the side- they are too numerous to be counted! I know a lot of people who could really use a good roll in the hay. It might loosen them up. Campus wide, we would see increased concentration, relieved stress, a general feeling of well being. Maybe people around here would stop bitching all the time. And we'd all be getting a lot more exercise.

I hope you'll all think about it. As someone so wittily wrote in the bathroom stall in the library "all you need is love-and birth control." We're not getting any younger. Have sex, have fun, be well. Peace out.



WE ACCUSE COUNCIL...

continuations

cts." Furthermore, the vote itself was not conducted in anything like an orderly manner—no motion to vote, no attempt to gain consensus before voting despite the facilitator's professed desire to avoid voting if possible, and a questionably-run meeting altogether make this matter much more sticky than the mere results of the vote suggest. We demand that Council:

1. decide how to run itself before attempting to make any decisions affecting the structure of community governance,
2. given the confusion regarding the vote on the SOURCE representative issue, and the unchecked intimidation used in the discussion, reconsider the result of this vote,
3. make sure that all voting members are informed about the matters on which they are voting before attempting to make a decision,
4. focus on filling its empty seats, especially for faculty and staff representatives; and follow its own existing bylaws before attempting to restructure itself.



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DARE TO DREAM

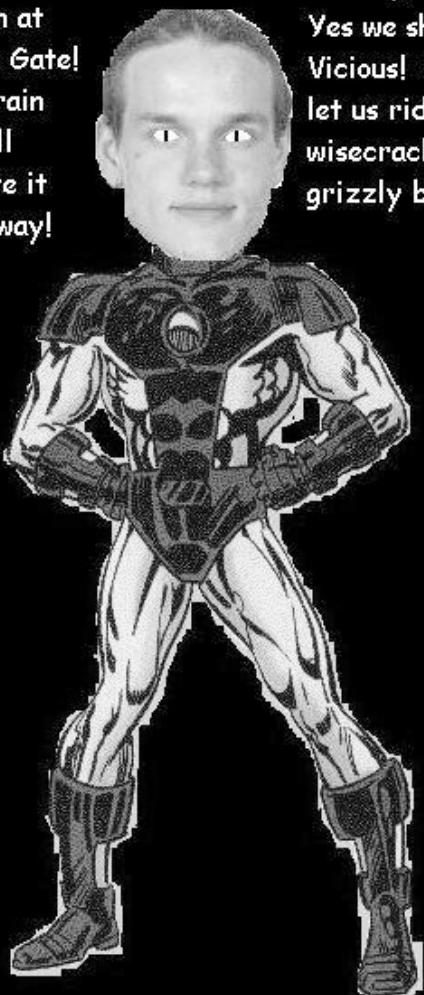


Master! A commotion at the South Gate! Julie Strain and I shall investigate it straightaway!



Yes we shall, Sid Vicious! Come, let us ride our wisecracking grizzly bears!

Captain, I've finished sorting and cross-indexing your pornography and graphic novel archives. Would you be so kind as to allow me to dust your action figures?



Master, I come bearing meat, wine and bread, all prepared "buffalo" style! Would you care to eat it off my flat, nubile stomach?



Your Excellency, RAW is on. Is it your wish to watch it on the largest of your flatscreen televisions with me, as per usual?



My Lord, Belle & Sebastian have come with Old Dirty Bastard to play for your enjoyment. Shall I tell them to set up by the Dr. Pepper fountains?

